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mbastes Furioso,

A TRAGIC

BURLESQUE OPERA;

IN ONE ACT.

Now Performing with unbounded applause at the

THEATRE-ROYAL.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ARTAXOMINES (*King of Utopia*).....Mr. WILLIAMS,

FUSBOS (*Minister of State*).....Mr. W. FARREN,

FIRST COURTIER.....Mr. SLOMAN,

SECOND COURTIER.....Mr. BURGESS,

GENERAL BOMBASTES.....Mr. MUNDEN.

DISTAFFINA.....Mrs. COOKE.

Bombastes Furioso;

A BURLESQUE TRAGIC OPERA;

&c. &c. &c.

SCENE I.—*Grand Chamber.*

Table, Chairs, a Bowl, Glasses, Decanters, Pipes, &c.
Artaxomines seated, Courtiers waiting on each side.

TRIO—*Tekeli.*

1st Court. *What will your Majesty please to wear?*
Or Blue, Green, Red, Black, White or Brown?

2d Court. *D'ye choose to look at the Bill of Fare?*

Artax. *Get out of my sight, or I'll knock you down.*

2d Court. *Here's Soup, Fish, or Goose, or Duck, or Fowl,*
or Pidgeon, Pig or Hare. [Brown.]

1st Court. *Or Blue, Green, or Red, or Black, or White, or*
What will your Majesty, &c.

2d Court. *D'ye choose to look, &c.*

Artax. *Get out of my sight, &c.* [Ex. Courtiers.]

Enter FUSBOS—kneels to the King.

Fus. Hail, Artaxomines! ye!e!pt the Great!
I come, an humble pillar of the state,
Pregniant with news—but ere that news I tell,
First let me hope your Majesty is well.

ART. Rise, learned Fusbos! rise, my Friend, and know
We are but middling—that is, but so so.

Fus. Only so so? O monstrous, doleful thing!
Is it the Mulligrubs affects the King?
Or, dropping Poisons in the Cup of Joy,
Do the Blue Devils your repose annoy?
Yes, I perceive it in that vacant eye,
The vest unbutton'd, and the wig awry;

So sickly Cats neglect their fur attire,
And sit, and mope beside the kitchen fire.

ART. Last night, when undisturb'd by state affairs,
Moist'ning our clay, and puffing off our cares,
Oft the replenish'd Goblet did we drain,
And drank and smok'd, and smok'd and drank again;
Such was the case, our very action such,
Until at length, we got a drop too much:
But the fresh Bowl each sick'ning pain subdues,
Then sit, my Fusbos, sit, and tell the news.

FUS. General Bombastes, whose resistless force
Alone exceeds by far a Brewer's horse,
Returns victorious, bringing mines of wealth.

ART. Does he by Jingo? then we'll drink his health.

Fife and Drum.

But hark! with loud acclaim the Fife and Drum,
Announce the army near; behold, they come.

Enter a little Drummer, six foot Fifer, Two Soldiers and
GENERAL BOMBASTES.

BOM. Meet me this Ev'ning at the Barley-Mow; (*to Sol.*
I'll bring you pay; you see I'm busy now;
Begone, brave army—don't kick up a row.

[Exit Army.]

(*to Artax.*) Thrash'd are our Foes—this watch and silken-
[string,

Worn by their chief, I as a trophy bring,
I knock'd him down, then snatch'd it from his fob,
"Watch, watch!" he cried, when I had done the job;
"My watch is gone," says he—says I, just so,
"Stop where you are, watches were made to go."

[Bombastes kneels; the King leaves his seat, breaks a pipe
over the General's head, returns to his seat, and then pre-
sents the Bowl.

ART. For which we make you Duke of Strombello;
From our own Bowl here drink, my Soldier true,
And if you'd like to take a whiff or two,
He, whose brave arm hath made our Foes to crouch,
Shall have a pipe from this our royal pouch.

BOM. Honours so great have all my toils repaid!
My Liege and Fusbos, here's, "success to trade."

- FUS. Well said, Bombastes! since thy mighty blows
 Have given a quietus to our Foes,
 Now shall our Farmers gather in their crops,
 And busy Tradesmen mind their crowded shops;
 The deadly havoc of war's hatchet cease;
 Now shall we smoke the calumet of peace.
- ART. I shall smoke short-cut, you smoke what you please.
- BOM. Whate'er your Majesty shall deign to name,
 Short-cut or long, to me is all the same.
- FUS. & } In short, so long as we your favors claim,
 BOM. } Short-cut or long, to us is all the same.
- ART. Thanks, gen'rous Friends! now list while I impart
 How firm you're lock'd and bolted in my heart,
 So long as this here pouch a pipe contains,
 Or a full glass in that there Bowl remains,
 To you an equal portion shall belong;
 This do I swear, and now—let's have a song.
- FUS. My Liege shall be obey'd—
- BOM. Fusbos, give place,
 You know you hav'nt got a singing face;
 Here Nature smiling gave the winning grace.

SONG, BOMBASTES—*Hope told a flatt'ring tale.*

*Hope told a flattering tale,
 Much longer than my arm,
 That love and pots of ale
 In peace wou'd keep me warm;
 The flatter'r is not gone,
 She visits number one;
 In love I'm six feet deep,
 Love, odsbobs! disturbs my sleep.*

*Hope told a flattering tale,
 Lest love shou'd soon grow cool,
 A tub thrown to a Whale,
 To make the fish a fool:
 Shou'd Distaffina frown,
 Then Hope's gone out of town,
 And when love's dream is o'er
 Then we wake and dream no more.*

[Exit BOMBASTES—the King seems dejected.]

FUS. What ails my Liege? O! why that look so sad?

ART. I am in love! I scorch! I freeze, I'm mad!
O tell me, Fusbos, first and best of Friends,
You who have wisdom at your fingers' ends,
Shall it be so, or shall it not be so?
Shall I my Griskinissa's charins forego?
Compel her to give up the regal chair,
And place the rosy Distaffina there?
In such a case what course can I pursue?
I love my Queen and Distaffina too.

FUS. And would a King his General supplant?
I can't advise, upon my soul I can't.

ART. So when two feasts whercatthere's nought to pay
Fall unpropitious on the self same day,
The anxious Cit each invitation views,
And ponders which to take or which refuse;
From this or that to keep away is loth,
And sighs to think he cannot dine at both. [Exit,

FUS. So when some school-boy on a rainy day
Finds all his play-mates will no longer stay,
He takes the hint himself, and walks away. [Exit

SCENE II.—A Wood:

Enter ARTAXOMINES.

ART. I'll seek the Maid I love, tho' in my way,
A dozen Generals stood in fierce array!
Such rosy beauties Nature meant for Kings;
Subjects have treat enough to see such things.

SONG—Paddy O'Carroll.

*My love is so pretty,
So lively and witty,
None in toren or in city,
Her hand wou'd disgrace!*

*My lord of the woolsack,
His Coachman wou'd pull back,
To get a look full smack,
At her pretty face.*

*Mathematical teachers,
Stiff Methodist preachers,
and all the gay creatures,
That steal about toren.*

Great foreign Ambassadors,
 Never can pass her doors,
 But my sweet lass deplores,
 So much renown, *Fal, de, ral.*

Though she drive a wheel-barrow,
 Through streets wide and narrow,
 The school-boys from Harrow,
 May laugh if they dare.

Nor tasteful Grassini,
 Nor Billingtonini,
 Divine Catalani,
 With her can compare.

Nor head with a mitre,
 Nor Belcher the fighter
 Can find out a brighter
 Than my pretty maid.

But words are mere play-things,
 Neat trim holiday-things,
 They cannot half say things,
 Enough for my love, *Fal, de, ral, &c.*

She's young and she's tender,
 She's tall and she's slender,
 As straight as a fender,
 From the top to the toe.

Eyes like stars glitt'ring,
 Mouth always tittering,
 Fingers to fit a ring,
 Ne'er were made so,

Her head like a holly-bow'r,
 Cheeks like a Cauliflow'r,
 Nose like a jolly-tow'r,
 By the sea-side.

Then haste, O ye days and nights,
 That I may taste delights,
 And with church holy rites,
 Make her my bride, *Fal, de, ral, &c.* [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Inside Cottage:*

Enter DISTAFFINA.

Dis. This morn as sleeping in my bed I lay,
 I dreamt, (and morning dreams come true they say)

I dreamt a cunning man my fortune told,
 And soon the pots and pans were turn'd to gold!
 Then I resolv'd to cut a mighty dash;
 But lo! ere I cou'd turn them into cash,
 Another cunning man my heart betray'd,
 Stole all away, and left my debts unpaid.

Enter ARTAXOMINES.

- ART. And pray sir, who are you I'd wish to know?
 ART. Perfection's self! O smooth that angry brow!
 For love of thee I wander'd thro' the town,
 And here have come to offer half a Crown.
 DIS. Fellow! your paltry offer I despise,
 The great Bombastes' love alone I prize.
 ART. He's but a Gen'ral; Damsel, I'm a King.
 DIS. O Sir! that makes it quite another thing.
 ART. And think not, Maiden, I cou'd e'er design
 A sum so trifling for such charms as thine.
 No! the half-Crown that ting'd thy cheek with red,
 Was meant that thou shou'dst share my throne and
 DIS. My dream is out, and I shall soon behold (bed.
 My pots and pans turn'd into shining gold.
 ART. Here on my knees, (those knees which ne'er till now
 To Man or Maid in supplicance bent). I vow
 Still to remain 'till I your wishes meet,
 Fix'd as the Pillar high in Sackville-street.
 DIS. And thus I swear, as I bestow my hand,
 As long as e'er that Pillar firm shall stand,
 So long I'm your's—
 ART. Are then my wishes crown'd?
 DIS. La! Sir, I'd not say "no" for twenty pound.
 Let silly Maids for love their favours yield,
 Rich ones for me—the King against the field!

SONG, DISTAFFINA—*My name is little Harry-O.*

*Queen Dido sat
 At her palace-gate,
 A darning a hole in her stocking O,
 She sung as she drew
 The worsted through,
 Whilst her foot was the cradle rocking O,
 (For a babe she had
 By a soldier-lad,*

Though Hist'ry passes it over O,
 " You tell-tale brat,
 " I've been a flat,
 " Your daddy has prov'd a rover O."
 " What a fool was I,
 " To be cozen'd by
 " A fellow not worth a penny O,
 " When rich ones came,
 " And ask'd the same,
 " For I'd offers from ever so many O,
 " But I'll darn my hose,
 " Look out for beaus,
 " And quickly get a new lover O,
 " So sing rum, ti, tum,
 " And come lads come,
 " Then a fig for Æneas the rover O."

ART. So Orpheus sung of old, or Poets lie,
 And as the Brutes were charm'd, e'en so am I;
 Rosy-check'd Maid! henceforth my only Queen,
 Full soon shalt thou in royal Robes be seen;
 And thro' the Realm I'll issue this decree,
 None shalt appear of taller growth than thee;
 Painters no other face pourtray—each sign
 O'er ale-house hung shall change its head for thine;
 Poets shall cancel their unpublish'd lays,
 And none presume to write but in thy praise.

[Distaffina opens closet-door, brings out a Naggin and Glass.]

ART. Were it the vilest liquor upon earth,
 Thy touch wou'd render it of matchless worth;
 Dear shall the gift be held that comes from you:
 Best proof of love, (*drinks*) 'tis full proof Whiskey
 Thro' all my veins I feel the genial glow, [too;
 It warms my heart—

BOM. (*without*) Ho! Distaffina, ho!

ART. Heard you that voice?

DIS. O yes, 'tis—what's his name,
 The Gen'ral—send him packing as he came.

ART. And is it he? and doth he hither come?
 Ah me! my guilty conscience strikes me dumb!
 Where shall I go? say whither shall I fly?
 Hide me, oh hide me from his injur'd eye!

DIS. Why sure you're not alarm'd at such a thing!
He's but a General, and you're a King.

[King goes into Closet.]

Enter BOMBASTES.

BOM. Lov'd Distaffina! now by my scars I vow,
Scars got—I haven't time to tell you how;
By all the risks my fearless heart hath run,
Risks of all kinds, from bludgeon, sword or gun,
By the great bunch of Laurels on my brow,
Ne'er did thy charms exceed their present glow:
O let me greet thee with a loving kiss—
Hell and the Devil! say who's hat is this?

[sees the King's hat, which he had thrown down when kneeling.]

DIS. Why bless your silly brains! that's not a hat.

BOM. No hat?—

DIS. Suppose it was—pray what of that?

A hat can do no harm without a head.

BOM. Whoe'er it fits this hour I doom him dead;
Alive from hence the Caitiff shall not stir—

[King comes forward.]

Your most obedient, humble Servant, Sir.

ART. O General, O!—

BOM. My much-lov'd Master, O!—
What means all this?

ART. Indeed I hardly know—

DIS. You hardly know! a very pretty joke,
If kingly promises so soon are broke!
Ar'nt I to be a Queen, and dress'd so fine?

ART. I do repent me of the foul design;
To thee my brave Bombastes I restore
Pure Distaffina, and will never more
Thro' Lane or Street with lawless passion rove,
But give to Griskinnissa all my love.

BOM. No, no, I'll love no more; let him who can
Fancy the maid who fancies ev'ry man
In some lone place I'll seek a gloomy cave
There my own hands shall dig a spacious grave—
Then all unseen I lay me down and die
Since woman's constancy—is all my eye.

*[When BOM. is going DIS. takes hold of the skirt of his Coat
to detain him.]*

TRIO—*Oh Lady Fair!*

DIS. *O cruel man! where are you going?
Sad are my wants, my rent is owing.*

BOM. *I go, I go, all comfort scorning,
Some death I'll die before the morning.*

DIS. *Heigh O, heigh O! sad is that warning,
O do not die before the morning.*

ART. *I'll follow him all danger scorning,
He shall not die before the morning.*

BOM. *I go, I go, &c.*

DIS. *Heigh O, heigh O! &c.*

ART. *I'll follow him, &c.*

[*Exit BOM. dragging out ART. and DIS.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Wood:*

Enter FUSBOS.

FUS. This day is big with fate—just as I set
My foot across the threshold, lo! I met
A man whose squint terrific struck my view,
Another came, and lo! he squinted too;
And ere I reach'd the corner of the street,
Some ten short paces, 'twas my lot to meet,
A third who squinted more—a fourth, and he
Squinted more vilely than the other three.
Such portents met the eye when Cæsar fell,
But caution'd him in vain, and who can tell
Whether those awful notices of fate
Are meant for Kings, or Ministers of State:—
For rich, or poor, old, young, or short, or tall,
The wrestler love trips up the heels of all.

SONG—*My lodging is on the cold ground.*

My lodging is in Maiden-lane,

A parlour that's next to the sky;

'Tis expos'd to the wind and the rain,

But the wind and the rain I defy:

Such love warms the coldest of spots,

As I feel for Scrubinda the fair;

O she lives by the scouring of pots,

In Werburgh-street near Derby-square.

*O was I quart, pint, or gill,
 To be scrubb'd by her delicate hands!
 Let others possess what they will
 Of learning and houses and lands.
 But ah! shou'd she false-hearted prove,
 Suspended I'll dangle in air;
 A victim to delicate love,
 In Wenburgh-street near Derby-square. [Exit.]*

Enter BOMBASTES preceded by a Fifer.

Bom. Gentle Musician, let thy dulcet strain
 Proceed, play Michael Wiggins once again, —
 Music's the food of love! begone, give o'er,
 For I must batter on that food no more.
 My happiness is chang'd to doleful dumps,
 Whilst happy Michael, all thy cards were trumps;
 So shou'd some youth by fortune's blest decrees,
 Possess, at least a pound of Cheshire cheese,
 And bent some favor'd party to regale,
 Lay in a kilderkin, or so, of ale,
 Lo! angry fate, in one unlucky hour,
 Some hungry rats may all the cheese devour,
 And the loud thunder turn the liquor sour.
 [Hangs his boots on a tree.
 Alas! alack! alack! and well-a-day,
 That ever man should make himself away,
 That ever man for woman false shou'd die,
 As many have, and so, and so——won't I;
 No, I'll go mad! 'gainst all I'll vent my rage,
 And with this wicked, wanton world, a woful war
 I'll wage.

[Takes a pocket-book writes thus, repeating:]
 "Who dares this pair of boots displace,
 "Must meet Bombastes face to face."
 Thus do I challenge all the human-race. *[Retires.]*

Enter ARTAXOMINES.

Art. Scorning my proffer'd hand he frowning fled
 Curs'd the maid and then shook his angry head.
 [sees the Boots]
 Ha! dost thou dare me vile obnoxious elf,
 I'll make thy threats as bootless as thyself.

Where'er thou art with speed prepare to go
Where I shall send thee—to the shades below.

[knocks Boots down.]

BOM. So I have heard on Afric's burning shore
A hungry lion give a grievous roar,
The grievous roar echoed along the shore.

ART. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
Another lion give a grievous roar,
And the last lion thought the first a boar.

BOM. Am I then mock'd? now by my fame I swear
You soon shall have it there.

[They Fight.]

ART. Where?

BOM. There and there.

ART. I have it sure enough, here's a hole
You've let the day-light in upon my soul
Yet ere I die I something have to say,
O my Bombastes! prithee step this way,
O, O, my Bom——

[(Dies.)

BOM. bastes he would have said;

But ere the word was out his breath was fled.

Well peace be with him, his untimely doom,
Shall thus be mark'd upon his costly tomb.

“Fate cropt him short—for be it understood,

“He wou'd have liv'd much longer——if he cou'd.”

Enter FUSBOS.

FUS. This way, this way they came, and much I fear
There's mischief in the wind—what have we here,
King Artaxomines bereft of life!
Here'll be a pretty tale to tell his wife.

BOM. A pretty tale, but not for thee to tell——
For thou shalt quickly follow him to hell,
There say I sent thee, and I hope he's well.

FUS. No, thou thyself shalt thy own message bear,
Short is the journey, thou wilt soon be there——
And say I did thy business to a hair. (They Fight.)

BOM. O Fusbos, Fusbos, I am diddled quite, (night!
Dark clouds comes o'er my eyes, farewell, good
Good night, my cock, my soul's inclined to roam,
So make my compliments to all at home! (Dies.)

FUS. And o'er thy grave a monument shall rise
Where heroes yet unborn shall feast their eyes,
And this short epitaph that speaks thy fame

Will also there immortalize my name---
 "Here lies Bombastes, stout of heart and limb,
 Who conquer'd all but Fusbos---Fusbos him.

Enter DISTAFFINA.

DIS. Ah! wretched maid, O miserable fate!
 I've just arrived in time to be too late,
 What now shall hapless Distaffina do?
 Curse on all morning dreams they come so true.
 FUS. Go, beauty go, thou source of woe to man,
 And get another lover where you can.
 The Crown now sits on Griskinnissa's head---
 To her I'll go.

DIS. But are ye sure they're dead?

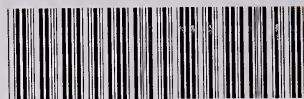
FUS. Yes, dead as herrings, herrings that are red.

FINALE—*Bob and Joan.*

DIS. *Briny tears I'll shed,*
 ART. *(rising) I for joy shall cry too;*
 FUS. *Zounds! the King's alive,*
 BOM. *(rising) Yes, and so am I too,*
 DIS. *It was better far,*
 ART. *Thus to check your sorrow;*
 FUS. *But if some folks please,*
 BOM. *We'll die again to-morrow,*
 CHO. *Tu, ral, lu, ral, lu, &c.*



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